

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VIII.

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No. 4.

The Adventures of Two Knights of the Wayside.

(Continued)

When he had left Weary Al Ragged stranded at the farmhouse Rushy Ben Growli thought he was safe and rode joyfully on towards Lafayette. After riding about two hours his noble saw-horse started to develop splinters. This is the only disease that kind of horse can contract. When it was younger, well planed and sand papered no one ever thought it would fall a prey to this dreaded malady. Rushy Ben Growli however swears to me that he has incontestable evidence on his person that this is true.

He talks to his faithful steed. He calls it; "Nothing but an old bunch of toothpicks and a piece of good for nothing kindling wood."

At least ten times had he imagined himself in the bar room of a swell hotel drinking in honor of Bacchus. And now his only means of locomotion was giving way on him. Since he now knew the pleasure of a mount he would never again walk. To make matters worse he could see Weary Al Ragged and Dusty Al Rhoady quickly approaching in the auto.

(To be Continued)

St. Joe 26 — Holy Cross 0

The first foot ball game of the season at St. Joe started out with the kick off by McCaffrey of St. Joe. The ball was held on the opponents twenty yard line.

Silverstein St. Joe's quarter back had Holy Cross guessing every minute that he played. Owing to a sprained ankle he had to be replaced in the second quarter by Schmidt who is a human question mark. His snappy signal work and offensive tactics were features of the game. Wellman a new man on this years team is a surprise to all. His speed, clean tackling and head work did much to win the game.

After several rushes and counter rushes McLaughlin carried the ball for thirty yards gaining the first touch-

down for St. Joe. Bruin then kicked goal. Bruin at full back played a star game, in the rushes he distinguished himself by twice carrying the ball over the goal line.

Right half back McCaffrey was always in the midst of the scrimmage. By his courageous charges down the field he made some of the goals possible.

The men on the line all stood firm and held down the opposing team to only a few gains. McLaughlin and Bruin were the point getters for St. Joe. McLaughlin made two touchdowns, Bruin two touchdowns and two kicked goals.

This game showed what St. Joe can do under an efficient coach. Mr. Parker who is coaching the team this year is doing wonders.

St. Joe 0 — North Shore 12,

The showing of North Shore caused great surprise in the St. Joe Camp despite the well organized appearance of the visitors. Coach Parker's men were picked to win by a majority. But contrary to these expectations, North Shore held the Saints scoreless and won the day with a score of 12. The home team were lacking the old time spirit and usual pep. Their rally during the last half brought hopes of victory for St. Joe, but the final whistle found them still without a score. Schmidt, at quarterback, exhibited his usual good judgment, and managed several times to break through the Shorers' stone wall defensive.

Lineup:

St. Joe		North Shore
Hunt, W. Seifried	L. E.	Long
Wellman	L. T.	Allen
J. Seifried	L. G.	Danford
Vonderhaar	C.	Masters
McGinn	R. G.	Kennedy
VonderHaggen	R. T.	Morrison
P. McCaffery,	R. E.	Lyons
Becker	R. E.	
Schmidt	Q. B.	Ryan
McLaughlin	L. H. B.	McDermott
Bruin	F. B.	Dickman
J. McCaffery	R. H. B.	Frische

The Smoker's Song.

I say, old boys, it's getting raw
 It's high time we a big line draw!
 Whenever I go near the club,
 I am approached by some big dub,
 With grinning face and empty pipe,
 Who some such rot as this will yipe:
 "Got some tobacco, Joe, or not?"
 His pipe bowl is more like a pot.
 And off he walks in greatest glee,
 Who bums tobacco off of me.
 One-third a can perhaps I use—
 The rest all goes for bummers' dues.
 Oh, yes, indeed, we know it's sad,
 But other things are just as bad.
 I fill my pipe with good old Prince,
 Up walks some guy whose dad has
 mints,
 Snatches the pipe from out my hand,
 And inhales deep with mien bland.
 He keeps it busy quite a while,
 While I stand by and try to smile.
 Oh, yes, right well they dry the stem,
 But I don't buy my pipes for them,
 Nor my tobacco for the dubs
 Whose pipe bowls look more like wash-
 tubs.
 These tricks, dear members, have we
 all;
 If the cap fits you, take a fall,
 And from now on, in after time,
 For smoking's pleasure give your dime,
 Of course your new pipe may seem
 strange,
 But you will learn to like the change.
 Then in our good old club will we
 Blow peaceful clouds in jollity.
 No troubles will disturb us there,
 Of Raleigh Jolly they'll beware.
 In peaceful dreams we'll smoke serene,
 Nor will there be one chap so mean,
 Thus to come up and mar our joy—
 "Give me a little hale old boy."
 'Midst Raleigh Jolly Smoking's hum,
 You will not see a single bum.

His Explanation.

William did not shine as a student and his reports clearly proved this, yet he insisted to his mother that he was right at the top of his class.

"You see," he explained when one of his reports was under scrutiny, "that 'E' is for 'excellent' and that 'D' is for 'dandy'."

"But," persisted his mother, "the little girl across the street gets almost nothing but 'A's' on her reports."

"Well, mother," responded the boy, "I hate to give her away, but that 'A' stands for 'awful'."

And it is said that he got away with it.

LOCALS.

The other day Hipskind came into the barber shop and asked David what he charged for a hair cut.

"Well if you want a hair cut it costs five cents but if you want them all cut it costs twenty-five cents." And the barber kept on shaving.

We were all startled the other day by the joyful news that the war was all over. But our surprise was of short duration and we succumbed when the wit who had heralded this information, quietly added: "Yes, all over Europe."

Kuhn (spending his last dollar) "Money has wings and house rent makes it fly."

Cecil: "Yes, and some houses have wings; for I have seen a house fly."

"Kuhn: "So, you're so smart, well, my little man, I have always thought that no part of the house except the chimney flue."

The following incident was related by one, who of all Collegeville humorists, is facile princeps: "An agent approached a man who was standing on his front porch and tried to induce him to buy a combination talking and washing machine. After looking carefully about, the prospective customer answered: 'I don't need any such machine; I'm married.'"

After a game in which much rooting had been done, several of the seniors were in the study hall bewailing the loss of their ponies, when a philosopher standing on one side, after listening awhile to their childish prattle and wishing to console them remarked. "You will not need your ponies now" and at their looks of disapproval, continued. "You are all a little hoarse" and as we were slowly reviving he turned about and strode away.

Ride a Greek pony
 To Banbury Cross,
 To see a great lady
 Upon a white hoss.
 With rings on her fingers,
 And bells on her toes,
 She shall have music
 Wherever she goes.
 But what is it to me,
 This picture you've drawn,
 For alas and alack,
 My ponies are gone.

Lost.

Lost, a gold watch with plain gold coat chain attached The name of Joseph Kromer engraved inside back cover. Finder please return to Theo. Fettig. adv.

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Editorials.

THE first quarterly exams have come and gone, but the disappointments which they brought to some are still bitter realities. Evil, like the good which men do, has an enduring vitality, and perhaps it is better so. For if our failures and disappointments were readily forgotten, so perhaps would be our resolutions to prevent their re-occurrence if such prevention be within our power. And who cannot prevent that future tests will find him wanting? Only he whose better part of valor is discretion, who in the fight against the encroaching tribes of ignorance seeks the coward backward path of idleness, and he who lacks a true and vivid realization of the end and purpose of study, he perhaps cannot prevent. Let therefore your aim be high, higher always than your ability. Let your target be not only the successful issue of future exams, but let your shaft fly farther, past even vocations and avocations on towards perfection. Hitch your wagon to a star "and let 'er ride." Ambition and enthusiasm, rightly directed, are the generals who lead us on to success. Enlist under their banners and do it now. For if in youth you are too conservative, old age will find you a fossil. Study to learn, and learn with a purpose. Future tests will then take care of themselves.

Of all the compliments the staff has received on College Cheer we will ever most fondly cherish this tribute paid by no less a person than McNulty: "Gee, the Cheer is gettin' better every week—er every two weeks, I mean!"

Obituary.

We are grieved to hear of the death of Michael J. Walz, father of a former Cheer editor, Max Walz. All students who remember Max Walz will heartily sympathize with him in his great loss and will surely not forget to remember his father in their prayers.

Fond Memories of the Long Green

Everyone has the right to his own opinion of what is best in life. To me there seems to be nothing quite so good as friendship. Perhaps this is because fortune has allotted to me many friends, or it may be because it has been my sad lot to part with the best of these friends oftener than I wish.

His name is Bill. Way back, as far memory can carry me, I remember his coming home with father. He came at least once a week, and his coming was a signal for great rejoicing. We children were especially glad if he happened to bring any of his younger brothers along, for they brought us candy and entertained us in many other ways.

As I grew up I began to know Bill better and to understand his character. Gradually I began to appreciate his presence more and to bewail his absence. I found him to be a very kind and generous fellow, but of a wandering nature. He would stand for no abuse. Being as he was welcome everywhere, I found it extremely hard to keep him in my company. Even today I try my best to keep him with me, but he is never satisfied to stay with any of his friends for a long while.

Bill is very eccentric in his dress. Sometimes he comes around the picture of neatness; again he will appear in a dirty, grimy coat. I sometimes hate to touch him, but I never fail to receive him with open arms, for I know that beneath his dirty exterior he is the same old sterling Bill.

I will never forget one thing Bill did for us. One day we were walking in the country when suddenly we were confronted by an irate farmer. One of us had accidentally loosened his majestic skiff from her moorings. According to instructions from College we had no right to touch his boat. The irate gentleman threatened us for fully fifteen minutes, and was on the verge of calling up the sheriff when Bill interceded. Bill can convince anyone. In half a minute he had our much incensed friend smiling and forgiving.

Bill has helped me many other times. To be sure, he is sometimes absent when I need him most. But I daresay I abuse him sometimes, so I cannot blame him. He is a true friend. May we all see much of him. Personally I haven't seen him for about a month.



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